He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſildome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By waues, from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tried with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what ſhall be next.
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſſe your ire, your angry Stars of heauen
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rocke.
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To haue bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three fiſhermen,

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away or Ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.
1. Alaſſe

1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it greeued my heart to heare
What pittifull cries they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarſely helpe our ſelues.
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh:
a plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be waſht
Maſter, I Maruell how the fiſhes liue in the Sea?
1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eat vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt deuoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such whales haue I heard on a'th land,
who neuer leaue gaping, till they ſwallowed
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Bels and all.
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue bene that day in the Belfrey.
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept ſuch a iangling of the bels,
That he would neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Bels ſteeple, Church and Pariſh vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the land of theſe drones,
That rob the Bee of her hony.
Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the ſea,
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from there watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men deteſt,
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.
2. Honeſt, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?